

## JUST SO:

The idea that First Class Tailor Made Ready-to-Wear Suits cannot be adjusted to fit any shape is radically wrong.

WE GUARANTEE TO SELL YOU a perfect fitting suit, BEST MATERIAL, BEST WORKMANSHIP, that will surprise your merchant tailor. Try us.

We have all the staples and all the novelties in Gents' Fine Furnishings, Gardiner & Baxter.

## JUST SO:

## BEFORE THE BLOSSOM.

In the time of spring  
Love's the only song to sing  
Hear the cuckoo's distant wing  
While the open forest glades  
No mysterious sound or thing  
Hear the cuckoo's distant wing  
Love's the only song to sing

Though in May each bird be dressed  
Like a bride, and every nest  
Lovers' love's joyous repeat  
Yet the half true tale is best  
At the bedside with its end  
Much too secret to be guessed  
And the fancies that attend  
April's promises unexpressed.

Love and Nature's commanding  
Clave us slowly. Still ring  
Vibes across and groves among—  
Wildflowers, meadows, echoing  
The cuckoo's distant wing  
Love's the only song to sing  
Be the love and Nature, young  
In the time of spring.

—Robert N. Johnson.

## A STRUGGLING CHIEF.

It's all about my ainself, when I was yet  
Fauld Dunblane. Father's wee bit  
of a cottage was by the noo famous cath-  
edral ruins that are visited by tourists  
free a' parts. Some auld beeches  
protected us frae the simmer's heat an' win-  
ter's cauld, an' we were very happy the-  
gather afore our separation. But we  
were sune pair o' those far back days!  
Mother were the same mautlede year  
after year, an' father's class an' mine  
were always o' rank, a very, coarse  
cloth. Yet our chinnal lug was a yarm  
spot an' I hae seen it equal sin'. Pay-  
ther was simply unlicky, an' mither an  
me often enferred i' consequence. Sae  
little o' bunk learnin' fall to my share,  
nor did I blame my parents for it. But  
I had my ain way to mak', an' I sune re-  
solved that I wad gae to Edinburgh to  
mak' it. But pair mither was willin'.  
"Better bide at hame, laddie," she wad  
whisper again an' again. "Stay wi' pay-  
ther an' me, an' dinna fret."

"But we'll be starvin'," I wad argue  
f' them. "Better let me gang awa' i'  
search o' siller."

"No, Jockie! Dinna think about it!  
Edinburgh is a braw town an' a wicked  
one! Dunblane an' the Allan are far  
better."

Sae, though I secretly rebelled, I still  
aid i' the auld homestead, where I can  
save water, which mither made o'  
meal an' water, wi'out the pleasant ad-  
dition o' milk an' butter.

An' then cam' the struggle of which I  
maun tell, reat here i' Dunblane. I  
warked wi' father at any day's labor  
that cam' to his diligent hand, an' one-  
sumtun mornin' it chanced to be oot Kip-  
penrow way. We walked along the  
Allan i' silence, niver once lookin' up  
at the grand an' auld beeches overhail, for  
we were bairn thinkin' an' thinkin' lang.  
My een were on the green, an' I wadna  
hae foun' w'at I did. It was something  
brecht an' shinin' directly i' my path, an'  
I stooped an' pokked it i' a flask.

"W'at was it?" askt father carelessly.  
"A braw bit o' pebble," I answered.  
"It can gae on mither's shelf." An' wi'  
that we hurried on to the work that  
waited us.

But many times that day I drew forth  
the stone an' lookt it ower. That it was  
maur than a pebble I had kenned at first  
glance. It was really a diamond, who  
was its owner? There were lairds an'  
ladies nae far awa', an' they often cam'  
to walk along the bonnie Allan. Perhaps  
a hie an' cry wad be raised aboot the  
lost jewel. Or it might hae lain for  
weeks, laid where I foun' it, an' there  
wad be nae further questin' o' it. I  
sune I could gae to Edinburgh an' sell it  
lucky find, an' sune get a start i' life, such  
as I had lang hoped for. I didna step  
to think how wrang it wad be, for I had  
but my ain selfish advancement in view.

"Where's the pebble you foun' for  
mither, Jockie?" askt father that night.

"I maun hae lost it again," I stam-  
mered, for it was my first lie to either  
him or mither. I wanted to tell him  
the truth then, but I was too shy. I  
kist him, an' he was nae glackless, for  
they wad laith say, "Your pebble may  
prove a diamond, an' you maun find it  
right!"

But wadna a' to my notion, an' I stole  
out under the moon an' stars instead,  
to be alone wi' my struggle 'tween right  
an' wrang. An' a very aince an' a while  
I wad look the stone in my pocket ower.  
W'at a sparkle it had! Perhaps it was  
really a hie an' cry o' wonder! An'  
who was it? Well, I hoped then that  
I might never ken.

But the vera next night, as I cam'  
slow from work along the Allan, I saw  
a man i' a braw velvet plaid seekin'  
the spot where I had foun' my stone.  
He had a blackthorn stick i' his han',  
an' he was scatterin' the beech leaves  
richt an' left. A second glance told  
me it wad laird Kinross, o' Edin-  
burgh, who had a shootin' box near by.  
His dress was at my approach, an' I  
just stood an' watcht him i' silence. I  
wanted to pua on, but somehow I  
couldn't do so, for the beech thing he  
sought for was in my pocket. Conscience  
whispered, "The honest an' true, Jockie  
Blacklock! But sune chaght: 'Keep  
the auld laddie's stone! He has many  
aither, an' this aye will gae you a start

## F Edinburgh. See I hesitated for a

"But laird Kinross lookt up at laird  
"My guide lad," he said laithly. "I hae  
lost a diamond o' mair value. It was  
yesterday when we cam' through to the  
hunt, an' it was richt here by the Allan.  
Perhaps you hae heard o' it fain."

An' the guide God aloon gied me  
strength to answer, "I hae, my laird."  
His keen gray een quickly lookt me  
ower. "You may hae foun' it your ain-  
self."

An' I answered again: "I did that, my  
laird, an' here is your precious stone. It  
has been a load on my heart an' con-  
science, though light as a bit feather i'  
my pocket."

"You wanted to keep it?" he spert as  
he tuk it frae my tremblin' han'.

"Yes, my laird."

"But you hae been an honest lad for a'  
that, an' I shall reward you as you de-  
serve. W'at is your name?"

"Jock Blacklock, my laird."

"Aye, mayhap a descendant o' the pair  
poet Burns' gude friend, Dr. Blacklock."  
I dinna ken. I fear nae, I returned.  
"I am just the son o' my father, Jockie  
Blacklock, an' he is Dunblane born."

"How wad you like to gae to Edin-  
burgh?" he spert next.

"My heart gied a great bound. 'It's the  
ane wish o' my life!' I cried.

The old laird smiled. "Ane o' my  
friends there is a banker. He needs an  
honest lad o' your age, an' you shall  
hae the place as sune as you wish."  
I fell on my knees gratefully, but he  
bid me rise at once. "Hae you a mither,  
Jockie?" he spert again.

"Aye, my laird."

"Then tak' me to her an' we'll arrange  
aboot the Edinburgh matter."

I led the way to our cottage wi' falter-  
ing footsteps. I had lied to father aboot  
the "pebble," an' how could I confess it  
a' to mither? She met us at the door-  
step wi' wonderin' an' courtesin' low,  
but he hae me humble fain.

"I am laird Kinross," the auld nobles-  
man began. "Your son Jockie foun' an  
restored to me the diamond I had lost,  
an' just here my ain father stepped  
oot."

"Was it the pebble you lied to me  
aboot, Jockie?"

An' I had to admit that it was. Oh,  
the shame an' sorrow o' w'at wad other-  
wise hae bin the proudest minute o' a yarm!

"It was a sair temptation," said laird  
Kinross. "Dinna be hard on the  
lad. He is as honest as you an' his mither  
would wish him, an' I hae come to tak'  
him awa' to Edinburgh, wi' your con-  
sent."

Father lookt at mither, mither lookt  
at father, an' then they both lookt at  
laird Kinross. But I couldn't look an'  
o' them f' the een, because o' yestreen's  
falsehood.

"Ye want Jockie?" he stammered. "Oor  
pair, wad Jockie. Ye wad trust him  
awar?"

"Yes," said laird Kinross, "a gude  
place i' an Edinburgh bank awaits him  
if he will, but tak' it, wi' your per-  
mission."

"Oh, Jockie!" sighed mither, "I wad  
hae staked my ain life on your youth,  
but nae!"

"He shall mak' a fresh start!" pit i' the  
gude auld laird. "An' you maun trust  
him again for his youth's sake!"

"That we will, mither," cried father.  
"Jockie's a steady gude lad, but the findin'  
o' the diamond turned his heid. It was  
his first lie, an'—"

"It shall be my las'!" I cried, wi' a  
burnin' look.

Mither kist me then, an' laird Kinross  
tuk frae his pocket a heavy purse,  
also pittin' a han' fu' o' gowd on the  
table. "It's for Jockie's outfit an' his first  
year i' my diamond," he said. "Dinna re-  
fuse it! The laddie deserves it, an' an'  
on the morrow he shall gae wi' me to Edin-  
burgh."

Sae father an' mither thanked him  
heartily, but I couldn't say a word.  
Laithly Kinross pit his unglued han' on  
my worthless heid at partin'—Puir  
laddie, he said. "It will be a gude le-  
sson to you, an' you will never forget.  
God keep you an' till the morrow!" An'  
wi' that he gan' awa', his braw plaid  
flyin' back on the stiff mornin' breeze.

## NOT ALL ONE WAY

The Charms of Youth Does Not  
Always Excel

## THE GRACES OF MATURITY

A New Type of Femininity Has Arisen,  
and the Combination of Angel and  
Idiot Lieshead in Poetry.



THE old time superstitions  
in regard to woman are  
year by year growing fewer in number,  
and it is safe to predict that in the not  
distant future her social and intellectual  
rights will be everywhere as freely ac-  
knowledgeed as are her powers.

In all ages and countries where women  
have been regarded as intellectually  
inferior to men and relegated to the animal  
plane their charms have been consid-  
ered as a thing exclusively of youth. In  
eastern lands girls are mothers at  
twelve, fourteen and sixteen years of  
age, grandmothers often at thirty or  
younger and old and passed at thirty-five.

That a woman could possess any per-  
sonal attractiveness after she had passed  
her teens would be beyond the compre-  
hension of the oriental mind, and until  
the last quarter of a century the west-  
ern world has been hardly less material  
in its estimate of feminine character.

The heroine of the original novel was the  
fourteen-year-old. "Sweet sixteen" and  
"blooming eighteen" were the favorite  
ages less than half a century ago, and it  
was not until the multiplication of col-  
leges for women kept her from society  
until past twenty that the world of fic-  
tion—usually a fair reflection of a world  
of realities—discovered the possibilities  
of sweetness in the early twenties.

The increase in the longevity of girl-  
hood is the result of woman's broader  
life and a wider recognition of her ca-  
pabilities and possibilities. Among the  
better classes the girl's need of education  
and right to it are as readily conceded to  
her as are the boy's privileges to him.

The old time fallacy that girls mature  
more rapidly than boys no longer serves  
as reason for thrusting upon the unde-  
veloped maiden of sixteen cares for  
which she is no more ready than is the  
average boy of that age. Up to twenty-one  
and later the young woman of the period  
is busy with her books and educational  
interests, and instead of being a mother  
at eighteen, as her grandmother was be-  
fore, she is now what she should be  
at that age—a happy, unfettered girl.

Nor is the tag, "old maid," affixed to  
the unmarried woman at as early an age  
as formerly, when twenty-five was de-  
termined the "second corner" and thirty  
marked the age of forlorn spinster-  
hood. A study of marriage statistics in  
fashionable society will show that more  
girls marry after twenty-five than  
younger, and further study of modern  
society will reveal the fact that its belles  
are quite as often women in the thirties  
as in the twenties.

The girl of eighteen has the charm of  
youth, and the world will always pay  
tribute to her innocence and freshness,  
but she no longer poses, as in the earlier  
century, as the divine creature who can  
compel all knees to bow before her. In-  
stead the debutante of modern society  
often complains that the education which  
she has received is borne off by the young  
matrons and bewitching widows, and  
it is so it only comports the good sense  
of society.

Men demand more of women than they  
once did, and this the woman of the  
world soon learns. If she is more inter-  
esting at thirty than she was at twenty  
it is because she has learned the im-  
portance of being well as looking attrac-  
tive. Indeed it may be argued that the  
wise woman of modern times is learning  
the lesson of history, which is that the  
secret of lasting charm is found in the  
culture of something more than youth-  
ful grace.

## UP TO HIS TRICKS

Uncle Sam Playing a Neat  
Game on the People.

## ALMOST A "CON" GAME

How the Government Will Profit by the  
Issue of the Columbian Postage  
Stamps.

Uncle Sam is working a confidence  
game on his dear, confiding nephews  
and nieces with some of those Col-  
umbian stamps of his: a regular gold-  
brick, green-goods, shell-game—a sort  
of "come down to the lake front and  
see the people killed by that big explo-  
sion" business.

According to the Chicago Tribune,  
there is no practical use to which those  
big stamps of a higher denomination  
can be put. The \$2, \$5, \$4, and \$5  
stamps showing Columbus in the vari-  
ous stirring scenes of his life will look  
nice in a stamp album. The \$2 stamp  
with Columbus in chains, the \$5 stamp  
with Columbus describing his third  
voyage, the \$4 stamp with portraits of  
Isabella and Columbus, and the \$5  
stamp with the terra cotta portrait of  
Columbus (the same as used on the  
souvenir half dollar) will show up well  
on white background and hidden be-  
tween red leather covers, but people  
who buy them can never use them for  
sending matter through the United  
States mail and get the worth of their  
money. True the post office will re-  
ceive mail with these stamps affixed and  
the clerks will mar the classic features  
of the discoverer of America with  
quiver and a marbling pad, but  
whenever they are used the government  
will be gainer in sums ranging from  
\$20 down to small change.

Under the postal laws no package in  
excess of four pounds can be sent  
through the mails except books, one of  
which may be mailed whatever the  
weight may be. Take as an example of  
what a man may spend for the trans-  
portation of mail matter a letter of  
huge dimensions which reaches the full  
limit of weight allowed—four pounds.  
The rate for first-class matter is two  
cents an ounce. Four pounds would  
equal sixty-four ounces; at two cents  
an ounce this would equal \$1.28. Then  
add eight cents for registering and that  
would amount to \$1.36. A special de-  
volved stamp could be added, but it  
would require the special stamp, so  
that no figuring out the sum to  
greater figures than \$1.36 which could  
be covered by the stamps in the new  
series.

Books are third-class matter, and the  
rate of postage is two cents for one  
cent. A book weighing twenty pounds  
would require only \$1.00 in stamps, and  
there are few books weighing that  
amount. To use a \$5 stamp a book  
weighing sixty-two pounds and eight  
ounces would be needed to get a full  
return for the money, and there are  
not many of those books printed.

The sender of mail cannot double up  
and make sixty-two pounds of third-  
class matter by bunching Dickens'  
works or any other set of works. When  
the package exceeds four pounds it  
must consist of but one publication.

Heretofore the largest denomination  
represented in stamps sold the public  
has been 90 cents. These will not be  
printed during the year 1893 and it is  
doubtful if they will be put on sale  
again as the demand for them is next to  
nothing.

Periodical or newspaper stamps for  
sums as high as \$50 are in constant use  
in post offices, but they are not for sale.  
Newspaper publishers make deposits  
with the chief clerk of each post office  
sums toward the money, and receipts are  
given for the amount of the postage and  
stamps aggregating the amount are  
pasted on the stub of the receipt, cancel-  
led by punching holes through them,  
and these stubs are sent to the post of-  
fice department in Washington. The  
department is very particular not to let  
these stamps get out of its possession,  
and stamp collectors have been known  
to resort to all sorts of tricks to secure  
possession of them.

The Columbian stamps, or "jubilee"  
stamps, as Postmaster General Wam-  
maker denominates them, cannot be  
used for second-class matter, which is  
sent through the mails for one cent a  
pound. The denominations of the new-  
paper stamps are 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, 12,  
14, 16, 18, 20, 24, 28, 32, 36, 40, 44, 48,  
52, 56, 60, 64, 68, 72, 76, 80, 84, 88, 92,  
96, 100, 104, 108, 112, 116, 120, 124, 128,  
132, 136, 140, 144, 148, 152, 156, 160,  
164, 168, 172, 176, 180, 184, 188, 192,  
196, 200, 204, 208, 212, 216, 220, 224,  
228, 232, 236, 240, 244, 248, 252, 256,  
260, 264, 268, 272, 276, 280, 284, 288,  
292, 296, 300, 304, 308, 312, 316, 320,  
324, 328, 332, 336, 340, 344, 348, 352,  
356, 360, 364, 368, 372, 376, 380, 384,  
388, 392, 396, 400, 404, 408, 412, 416,  
420, 424, 428, 432, 436, 440, 444, 448,  
452, 456, 460, 464, 468, 472, 476, 480,  
484, 488, 492, 496, 500, 504, 508, 512,  
516, 520, 524, 528, 532, 536, 540, 544,  
548, 552, 556, 560, 564, 568, 572, 576,  
580, 584, 588, 592, 596, 600, 604, 608,  
612, 616, 620, 624, 628, 632, 636, 640,  
644, 648, 652, 656, 660, 664, 668, 672,  
676, 680, 684, 688, 692, 696, 700, 704,  
708, 712, 716, 720, 724, 728, 732, 736,  
740, 744, 748, 752, 756, 760, 764, 768,  
772, 776, 780, 784, 788, 792, 796, 800,  
804, 808, 812, 816, 820, 824, 828, 832,  
836, 840, 844, 848, 852, 856, 860, 864,  
868, 872, 876, 880, 884, 888, 892, 896,  
900, 904, 908, 912, 916, 920, 924, 928,  
932, 936, 940, 944, 948, 952, 956, 960,  
964, 968, 972, 976, 980, 984, 988, 992,  
996, 1000, 1004, 1008, 1012, 1016, 1020,  
1024, 1028, 1032, 1036, 1040, 1044, 1048,  
1052, 1056, 1060, 1064, 1068, 1072, 1076,  
1080, 1084, 1088, 1092, 1096, 1100, 1104,  
1108, 1112, 1116, 1120, 1124, 1128, 1132,  
1136, 1140, 1144, 1148, 1152, 1156, 1160,  
1164, 1168, 1172, 1176, 1180, 1184, 1188,  
1192, 1196, 1200, 1204, 1208, 1212, 1216,  
1220, 1224, 1228, 1232, 1236, 1240, 1244,  
1248, 1252, 1256, 1260, 1264, 1268, 1272,  
1276, 1280, 1284, 1288, 1292, 1296, 1300,  
1304, 1308, 1312, 1316, 1320, 1324, 1328,  
1332, 1336, 1340, 1344, 1348, 1352, 1356,  
1360, 1364, 1368, 1372, 1376, 1380, 1384,  
1388, 1392, 1396, 1400, 1404, 1408, 1412,  
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1500, 1504, 1508, 1512, 1516, 1520, 1524,  
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1836, 1840, 1844, 1848, 1852, 1856, 1860,  
1864, 1868, 1872, 1876, 1880, 1884, 1888,  
1892, 1896, 1900, 1904, 1908, 1912, 1916,  
1920, 1924, 1928, 1932, 1936, 1940, 1944,  
1948, 1952, 1956, 1960, 1964, 1968, 1972,  
1976, 1980, 1984, 1988, 1992, 1996, 2000,  
2004, 2008, 2012, 2016, 2020, 2024, 2028,  
2032, 2036, 2040, 2044, 2048, 2052, 2056,  
2060, 2064, 2068, 2072, 2076, 2080, 2084,  
2088, 2092, 2096, 2100, 2104, 2108, 2112,  
2116, 2120, 2124, 2128, 2132, 2136, 2140,  
2144, 2148, 2152, 2156, 2160, 2164, 2168,  
2172, 2176, 2180, 2184, 2188, 2192, 2196,  
2200, 2204, 2208, 2212, 2216, 2220, 2224,  
2228, 2232, 2236, 2240, 2244, 2248, 2252,  
2256, 2260, 2264, 2268, 2272, 2276, 2280,  
2284, 2288, 2292, 2296, 2300, 2304, 2308,  
2312, 2316, 2320, 2324, 2328, 2332, 2336,  
2340, 2344, 2348, 2352, 2356, 2360, 2364,  
2368, 2372, 2376, 2380, 2384, 2388, 2392,  
2396, 2400, 2404, 2408, 2412, 2416, 2420,  
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2592, 2596, 2600, 2604, 2608, 2612, 2616,  
2620, 2624, 2628, 2632, 2636, 2640, 2644,  
2648, 2652, 2656, 2660, 2664, 2668, 2672,  
2676, 2680, 2684, 2688, 2692, 2696, 2700,  
2704, 2708, 2712, 2716, 2720, 2724, 2728,  
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3012, 3016, 3020, 3024, 3028, 3032, 3036,  
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3152, 3156, 3160, 3164, 3168, 3172, 3176,  
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